

WASHINGTON.

Our Country—always right—but, right or wrong, our Country."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1838.

OFFICE ON E STREET, IN THE SQUARE IMMEDIATELY WEST OF THE BURNT POST OFFICE.

TO NATIVE AMERICANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Fellow-Citizens: I am directed, by the President and Council of the Native American Association of the United States at Washington City, to invite you to form in the different counties and cities of the several States, auxiliary Native Associations to be united with us in this cause.

I am also instructed to call your attention to the necessity of authorizing a committee of such of those societies as may be formed, to prepare, in your name, memorials to Congress; to be presented at the early part of the ensuing session, praying for a repeal of the laws of naturalization.

Your fellow-countryman,

HENRY J. BRENT,

Corresponding Secy. of the Native Am. Association of the U. S., Wash. City

"History and experience prove that Foreign Influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government."

"Every species of government has its specific principles, ours, perhaps, are more peculiar than those of any in the universe. It is a composition of the first principles of the English constitution, with others derived from natural rights and natural reason. To these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet from such, we may expect the greatest number of emigrants."

"They will bring with them the principles of government they have imbibed in their early youth, or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbridled licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty."

"In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation: they will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass."—JEFFERSON.

Mr. GEORGE JACOBS, of this city, is an authorized Agent for this paper. He is now in Baltimore.

For six months and more we have labored in the "Native American cause," and we pause for one moment to survey the past. This looking back upon our journey, affords any thing but a monition to abandon our purpose. We have proved—almost a self-evident proposition—that we were entitled to this country by our fathers' blood, and the recognition of our independence by the courts of Europe. In that recognition we became their equal, as also a distinct and separate Government. We have proved (how often have we not advanced the argument) that the foreigners, who for the last few years have been cast like the sea weed upon our shores, are nothing more nor less than the outpourings of the parishes of Europe, without education, and without the philosophical rationality necessary to constitute citizens of this country. We have been met with sneers from the power-courting native—by threats and mockings, from the lucre seeking and impudent alien. We have seen them dashing along our avenue in all the insolence of imposition and place; and day after day have we seen them taken by the hand, and placed in power over the destroyed hope of a high-born native.

We have seen the "Globe" newspaper, the organ, too, of an American Administration, at one time abusing the foreign stockholders in the Bank of the United States, because they were non-residents, and not likely to interfere with its views, and then, in the same breath, cajoling, flattery, and cringing to the pauper emigrants that might become good men and true at the ballot box. In this course of the Globe newspaper, (and we do not attack the President of the United States, because we color this miserable print,) we see a painful evidence of the evil that we complain of.

That paper worships the ragged regiments of diseased foreigners, that last year were cleansed from the small-pox at Amboy; praising their gallantry and their respectability, and doting, with all its wonted recklessness, to vilify the Native American party of this free country.

There is a handwriting upon the wall of the Native heart—there is a balance weighed in the native mind; and there is a poor and pleading sinner, balancing down the beam with the weight of a doomed despair. That sinner is the Globe—that outrager of American feeling—that lost star from the galaxy of the American press.

Pass we, now, and rapidly, like a man haunted by the spectre of the dead, to a subject as important and equally unpleasant.

We mentioned in our last, in strong terms, the proposition of Mr. ALLEN, (of Ohio,) in the Senate; which was to admit the alien to the rights of citizenship, after he had served out his term of enlistment in the army of the United States.

Beautiful but abandoned system, to embroil forever the country. Never did man concoct a better system of protection to the pauper. The United States would become, by Mr. Allen's view of the subject, the Father of the American Parish Houses—and, with an ingenuity which is the characteristic of the age, open as great feeding house, and denigrate it an army.

Let us put a case, and then leave it to the good sense of every one, whether this proposition of Mr. Allen will not endanger the public liberties. We know his object, which is to fill up the public lands with these people; but he is too short-sighted for our Senate. Suppose a law passes according with Mr. Allen's view. The next day twenty thousand foreigners land in New York. They enlist for six months, under the direction of the officers of any Administration, into our army. They go to Florida, (as the Germans enlisted, and so can other foreigners,) and serve out their time of enlistment. An election is held for President of the United States. Here are twenty thousand foreigners collected at one point—under military discipline; a cunning agent of Government marches them in solid columns to the poll—they vote one ticket, and possibly turn the great scale of the Presidential question, in opposition to the will of a native majority. This is one case,—we could make a dozen, to suit our purpose, but leave it to our intelligent reader to carry out the illustration.

There are the ingredients of dreadful mischief in this proposition of Mr. Allen's; and there must be disease in the public atmosphere—a canker at the heart of the times, that would so embolden an American Senator, so far to forget his country, as to hold out the hand of invitation to the miserable of all the world. They come to us thick and fast; they crowd down our cities—burthen us with taxes—make the natives dissatisfied with their own government, and almost force them to hate their own country.

We would thank the accomplished writer, who sent us the paper containing O'Connell's abuse of this country, to take up the subject, and show to the American public the destructive tendency of foreign opinions upon this country.

We are glad to learn by the American of Boston that a meeting of the Native American Association was to have been held on last Monday. We will look anxiously for their proceedings.

A STANDING ARMY COMPOSED OF FOREIGN MERCENARIES.

We were led into error as to Mr. Allen's resolution relative to Foreigners. He does not propose to make them citizens at once, but to make them serve an apprenticeship in the army! This is more odious than our first view of his proposition. Where are all the warnings of experience against a standing army? Where the advice of Washington?

These people are to be instructed in the duties of citizenship, not with the Constitution in their hands, but with a musket. They are to be deeper died in servility by the discipline of the military school; and when they shall have been fostered in the pay of Government, its gold in their pockets, they are to be let loose to vote. Who will they vote for? Their masters, the Government. Crushed beneath its feet, they will vote according to order; and so we will become the slaves of Caesar's military cohorts. Is this a Government of peace, or is it a Government of the sword? The response is important at this crisis. Mr. Allen, and friends, (the Globe editors,) are for making it one of violence and outrage, and merely to show off in the borrowed and false features of national hospitality.

From the bottom of our hearts we deprecate this movement of the Ohio Senator; but hope that it will arouse the Natives to a full sense of the danger, and make them look close to their liberties.

FASHION AND OUR FAIR.

The American Quarterly Review (in the last number) makes the following pointed remark—the topic under discussion, Mr. Grund's Book on the Americans.

"We desire to see no American standard of manners different from that which should everywhere mark the intercourse of amiable persons in a circle of dignified equality. Least of all do we desire to behold a slavish imitation of any foreign style—British, French, or German. We heartily join with any English traveler in his ridicule of it, when it is seen among us. It betokens an abject spirit—a want of native taste and of national independence, and secures nothing but the smiles and sneers of those who are made the models."

The society of the United States! Does it court the foreign fashions?—does it bow to the edict of a prince of a Paris clothing store? Hardly. There can be no need, then, of all this disturbance on the part of the Quarterly; these broad insinuations that our much beloved fair do court foreign counts and exotic countesses. Surely we are American in every thing. We dance our old cotillions, and pay the same warm-hearted, unaffected tribute to the sex as in former days, when our "fine old American Gentlemen, all of the olden time," led off the reel with chivalrous port, and unaffected grace. How many a time, and oft, have we listened to the recital of those glorious days of our forefathers, when simplicity waved the olive branch above the social meetings, and sturdy hospitality adorned the house from the furnished rooms in the garret, to the abundant board in the servants' hall. Do moustached beaux, foreigners and their American apes, strut with all the rigidity of ill manners through what should be the heart-exciting dance? Do they peer over the too lightly covered bust of beauty, with their quizzing glasses, and stare with nonchalant insolence at our wives, mothers and sisters? Do our home-bred beauties, budding fervently into womanhood, stepping forth into the world from the tender guardianship of their nurses, whisper, in the summer evenings, to men of whose character they know nothing, and who may have been boot-blacks or renegades in their far distant homes? Do they despise the honest adoration of plain, true-souled, but modest natives, to batten on the broken-englished flattery of foreign fops? Do they seat themselves at the piano or the harp, and warble forth with uplifted eyes, some Italian love ditty; or do they pour most divinely forth, upon the ear and heart, the familiar song of childhood—"Auld Langsyne"? Do they wear the odious quizzing glass, when their eyes are bright and piercing, merely that the lash of jetty black may be concealed "a la Europe," by a ring of gold? We have numbered but few summers, winters we will not speak of, and yet we have lived in the belief that society in this country was not in the giddy whirl of a "Mazourka" waltz, but that it was still rich and ruddy in the healthful atmosphere and tone of the fine old days of our ancestors; and we will live on in the charming fancy, hoping that it may not be broken by some outbreak of decency, order, or virtue.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER FOR JANUARY.

While the coals glow in our grate, and the snow-wind whistles beyond the barrier, the curtains closed around the windows of our snug and quiet room, (thankful are we that it is so,) we draw from our yon tall gothic of exchange papers and periodicals, the pink-bound Messenger of the South. In such a time, at such an hour, the standard of the sunny climate is trebly welcome. There is a neatness and delicacy about this work that always affects us to friendship; we take off the wiry edge from our pen, and pour our softest ink into the stand; and while our little ones chatter about our knees, we go to work, and cull its merits, like a bee among flowers—and yet we may have a sting.

How we do love the budding literature of our country. It is so effulgent, like the morning of our days; it spreads its light over the broad fields, and its rays are reflected from a thousand minds, and cheered by as many hearts. As yet, it is but in its boyhood. It gambols and frisks along the plains, and catches in the vast voices and mysterious sounds of our beautiful vegetable and terrestrial nature—an inspiration that invigorates and allumes. We are not wise in the deep lore of the elder days—we do not turn over the musty manuscript of the hoary past—but we leap and bound along with the swift current, swifter than ever, of the faculties of that miracle of nature—man.

Our literature is fresh, balmy and vigorous. It is seen in the solemn writing of our Reviews—able as any in the world—in the bright flashings of our Monthlies—and in the Press, weekly and daily, that quickly catch the inspiring theme—and conjure the spirit of poetry, or the colossal genius of prose, from its deep seclusion. We, of the Press—the weekly and otherwise—call the "spirits from the vasty deep"—we whistle to the winds, and lo, from cavern, precipice and valley, the brilliant array bends to the circle of fascination—we encourage, inspire and cheer the children of the books—we laud their noble efforts, snatch them with friendly roughness, and animate the worthy, or lash into contempt the impostor of the pen.

Have we time to waste upon our teeming thoughts? Can we spare from our labor—arduous, but precious to our inmost heart—the hours for this delicious journey among the spring-flowered walks that girt the broad desert of our sterner duty? Fain would we fly at times to whisper our humble praises to the rising sun of American Genius; but we are bound to ponder on the immense task, that, like a pyramid, lifts its frowning form amid the sands of our life. But when we take hold of the "Messenger," how can we resist? This is our friend-ship for the most excellent Editor, beckoning us on—our love for our native South, not dearer to us than every nook of this glorious and beloved land, that calls upon us, and obeying every impulse, we stir the fire in the grate, trim the wick in our lamp, put the hand of our watch back an hour or so, determined, ere the moon be buried for the night, to go through the articles in the January number of the Messenger. Would that we had room for a lengthy notice of each article; but you see how we are cramped up, and here we have filled half our appointed space with rhapsodies. We will take the articles as they stand in the Table of Contents. We hope, by the way, that the reader has a copy by him; if

he has not, and will call upon us, we will take steps to have him supplied monthly—so that he can keep pace with the progress of the Virginia mind, and trace its progress from budding boyhood, to superb maturity.

The New Year—Address of the Proprietor, &c.—We like the earnestness of this article, and hope that it will find an echo, wherever it is read. The Editor calls upon all to write, but he must take our word for it, that he has a hard task before him. Money he must have to pay the talent that he evokes, else its wings, ungilded, will droop and wither.

Notes of S. L. Southard's Address, delivered before the American Whig and Chiosophic Society of the New Jersey College.

Mr. Southard's theme for discourse was the Bible—the stern but beautiful track by which the pilgrim of history can mark the foot-prints of the world, from the chrysalis to the bright and buoyant perfection of its strength. We shall take occasion to allude to this beautiful performance at some future time.

The editorial ability of the Messenger is amply displayed in the prefatory notices to Mr. Southard's Address.

The Lyceum.—Dull—dull—and we will go to sleep by that same article this night. Oh how we will snore by the time we reach "Advice to Editors." Confound his impudence, to advise the unadvised!

Lord Bacon.—Republished from the Edinburgh Review. A powerful and deeply absorbing performance. The Editor has done well to insert it in his book.

Lionel Granby.—Chapter xi.—There is genius in the writer of this paper. Will he, however, take the advice of an admirer and friend, and prune down his epithetical taste. His description of the burning Theatre at Richmond, is graphic, and awakes the fearful and the dread spectacle of the burning crowd. We like this Chapter, and the author is destined to more praise than we have time to bestow.

The Usurper of Milan.—Highly interesting and written by a practised hand.

The Copy Book.—A decent melange of odds and ends, a traveller's book of not over interesting adventures, though, to tell the truth, we do hope to meet with his French Catechism ere we "die in peace."

Notes and Anecdotes, &c. &c.—A continuation of the French. A new version of an old story—excellently managed, and worth attention.

The Perils of Passion.—A well told story, though, to speak candidly, Mr. King, (the author, gentle reader) we could not believe this story, though we heard it from the lips of the Parish Sexton.

Review of Earnest Maltravers.—Would that we could pause to fight this field, with the Messenger. Inch by inch—aye, blade of grass by blade, would we contend with this Review, and hope to win the plaudits of victory from those who gazed upon the contest. Oh sickly and far-fetched and false-felt criticism! poor, miserable, fault-finding. Bid a painter dash you off a devil, and forsooth, he paints you a God, you say he was right, for the horrid form and dreadful features of the daemon, would frighten our children. Mr. Bulwer paints society and the world as they are; and because he does not preach repentance in the midst of a banquet hall, he is banished to the cold regions of eternal shame.

A Chapter from the Conspirator.—A rather clever work, in which Aaron Burr is introduced. The introductory remarks do more honor to the heart of Mr. Messenger, than his head; and for that error, we will be the last to find fault.

Dr. Fawcett, &c.—Good.

Everett's Address, &c., we have republished—which is criticism enough.

My Jesus, Dear.—Neglect of Time—Eve of the battle of Gilboa—Water—Misfortune—all poetical pieces—we will notice in our next number.

We were printed incorrectly in our last paper, in our paragraph concerning Mr. JOHNSON, of Maryland. We should have called him "Reverdy," and not "Beverly."

Extract of a letter, signed "An Irishman," to the editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, on the subject of Irish Grog Shops. "Out of their own mouths are they convicted."

"To every Irishman who has any regard for the national character of his country, it must give him pain to see so many of them in Philadelphia who are keepers of these petty grog shops, where the poor deluded Irishman, in the warmth of mistaken friendship, and love of country, often spends his all, and soon also becomes a confirmed drunkard."

"So far as I have knowledge of the working classes of my countrymen, they are not as intemperate at home as the same class of Englishmen that I have seen in some of the large manufacturing towns in England; and how it is so many in this country become intemperate, I am at a loss to know, except the temptation they have from the numerous grog shops kept by Irishmen."

From Brooklyn (New York) Citizen.

CONGRESS.

We find the following in the report of the proceedings of Thursday, 25th ultimo, in the Senate:

"Mr. ALLEN, of Ohio, presented an important resolution, calling upon the Committee of the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Constitution of the United States as to allow foreigners to enjoy all the privileges of the Naturalized Citizens of the United States as soon as they are willing to enlist in the army of the United States."

"The resolution was adopted and sent to the Committee on the Judiciary. Its object is to increase the army, much after the manner the father gave his advice to his son—'John get money—honestly, if you can—but at any rate, John, get money.' This resolution says, 'increase the army, honestly if you can, but at any rate increase the army.'"

"The Constitution of the United States to be so amended as to invite the renegades of every nation under the sun to enlist in the American Army Truly, we have fallen on evil times."

The Philadelphia Gazette, remarking upon a paragraph in the Star, touching the ambition of the Russian Autocrat, says:

"Be not alarmed. When the Polar Bear shall take into his head to place a paw upon the United States, save in the way of dalliance or playfulness, he will ascertain that he has a live mastodon to deal with, that diets daily upon whole hestombs of wild cats—that moves by steam—and, when it walks towards an enemy, does it as so rapid a pace, that the swiftest lightning might pant him in vain."

VERY PROPER.—A clergyman, who had been elected to the Legislature of Maine, returned his credentials to the House and resigned his seat, on the grounds, 1st, that he was a minister of the gospel, and in that capacity had duties to attend to, which he considered of more importance than any he could discharge there; 2d, he was elected without his consent, and against his avowed wishes; and 3d, his mind was devoted to such subjects as would render him incapable of doing justice to his constituents.—N. Y. Star.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

[FROM OUR REPORTER.]

Ninth Week of the Session.

The Pre-emption, or "Great Agrarian Bill," as styled by a distinguished Senator, has passed the Senate. This Bill gives to foreigners the right, ere they shall be naturalized, of the cream of the West.

The Sub-Treasury Bill is now before the Senate—altered in its form and substance from the Bill presented under the same name at the Extra Session.

Mr. SEVIER has offered a resolution to inquire into the condition of the Orphan's Court of this District.

In the House, the Mississippi Contested Election still drags its lengthened form along. Immense excitement pervaded the Members on Thursday evening, when Mr. BELL's amendment came up, to deprive Messrs. CLAIBORNE and GHOLSON of their seats. The Boys were in "hot haste" to hunt up the absent Members; and when the vote was taken, 112 answered against the proposition—119 in favor of it. So the seats of Messrs. CLAIBORNE and GHOLSON are to them forbidden fruit.

Mr. PRENTISS, one of the contesting Members, made a brilliant speech on Thursday, to the most crowded audience we ever witnessed in the Hall.

THE NATIVE CAUSE.

In the Senate on Saturday, the Pre-emption Bill, before the Senate on Thursday and Friday, came up without any preliminary business of importance, and continued before the Senate until the hour of adjournment.

Mr. MERRICK, of Maryland, introduced an amendment, the object of which was to confine the benefits of the Pre-emption act to the native population of the United States, and not to any foreigner until he shall have been naturalized and proved his citizenship. Mr. MERRICK defended his amendment in a few appropriate and very able remarks, which Mr. CLAY warmly commended, and thanked Mr. MERRICK for his introduction.

Mr. CLAY defended the amendment also in a very eloquent speech, and said he wished our countrymen might have the benefit of all bounties. Charity began at home, and he saw no reason for extending the same charities to the multitudes swarming our shores from the other side of the Atlantic, as we did to our own citizens.

Mr. YOUNG, of Illinois, opposed the amendment warmly, and defended the character of the foreign population who go West.

Mr. BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania, also opposed the amendment, and went into defence of the foreign population in the United States. He said he was the son of a foreigner, and therefore he might feel more interest in the question, but he felt disposed to oppose the amendment of Mr. MERRICK in strong language. He wished to have his name recorded against it. He referred to the foreigners who took part in our Revolutionary struggle, and said that although we might have won our independence without them, still the day of that independence would have been far repaid.

Mr. CLAY replied to Mr. BUCHANAN, and asked Mr. B. if he would confound the Lafayettees and the Dekalbes with the horde of foreigners now swarming our shores. Would the Senator extend the privileges granted by pre-emption to Hessians? He would not; and does he know the merits of the men, the foreigners who make these settlements their homes? Can he say, from any evidence, that they are worthy men? In conclusion, said Mr. CLAY, no man will more willingly give his vote in the negative on this amendment, than I will in the affirmative.

Mr. BUCHANAN rejoined, and said he would grant the right of pre-emption even to Hessians, if they would forsake the error of their ways, and enlist their services in behalf of the United States. He would not help them as enemies, but as friends and good citizens.

Mr. MERRICK replied to Mr. BUCHANAN, and said that Mr. B. had remarked that, at this time, there was an undue feeling enlisted in their behalf. Mr. M. said that Mr. BUCHANAN had thanked him for introducing the resolution. He was heartily welcome to all the benefit he could derive from its introduction. In bringing forward the amendment, he had discharged a duty which he owed to the State which sent him here, and to his country. Believing that he was right, nothing could deter him from pressing his amendment.

Like the Senator from Pennsylvania, said Mr. MERRICK, I, too, am the son of a foreigner, and cherishing, with proper respect, those who were not born among us, and who are not of us, I still prefer the land where I was born, and benefiting that land to bestowing it on others. Mr. M. said in conclusion, that he should take pleasure in voting in favor of his amendment; and nothing would deter him.

Mr. CALHOUN made some remarks upon the amendment to the bill, but said, as he should vote against the bill itself, he would not consume the time of the Senate.

The vote was then taken on Mr. MERRICK's amendment, which was lost: 15 to 23.

Mr. CLAY, of Kentucky, followed with an amendment, upon which he said he should call the yeas and nays. The amendment, he said, conformed to the spirit of the recommendation of the Executive in his remarks upon the public lands. He expected every Administration Senator to go with him, because his amendment embraced a recommendation of the President. It was hard to have the President deserted by his friends—very hard to have his friends among the opposition. But, said Mr. C., (in perfect good temper,) for three minutes—no more—I will be an Administration man, and call on all the friends of the Executive to go with me. Surely they will not leave the Executive alone.

Mr. CLAY then read his amendment, and demanded the yeas and nays upon its passage.

Mr. SEVIER said he began to be suspicious when he heard the President defend the Executive.

Mr. CLAY told him, in good humor, that he ought to have been suspicious long ago.

Mr. BUCHANAN thought it very queer that the President should find a friend in the Senator from Kentucky. He was afraid there was something wrong in such an association.

Mr. CLAY begged him not to be alarmed. He was a friend but not of the man; and he felt assured that Mr. BUCHANAN, who now abandoned his President, would soon return to the support of his friend as he would to oppose the President.

Mr. CLAY's amendment was then rejected, 17 to 27. It was intended to check all settlements upon unsurveyed public lands. Mr. C. called such men interlopers and intruders.

From the New York Star.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF COM. CHARLES STEWART, OF THE U. S. NAVY.

A neatly printed pamphlet of fifty pages, bearing the above title, embellished with two superb engravings, has recently made its appearance in Philadelphia. We have perused it with great interest. It is honorable to the citizens of the native State of this truly admirable man that this memorial of his excellence, (the only fault of which is its brevity,) should have now come before the public.

Engaged in the active business of life, and engrossed with matters of every day occurrence, we are too apt to forget the achievements of the gallant men to whose exertions we mainly owe our country's high and dignified position among the nations of the earth. We thus live on, almost unmindful of their existence till the termination of their mortal career, when, by that shock, suddenly aroused from our apathy, we regret too late the loss of the brightest stars of our horizon. It is with painful feelings, then, that we exclaim in the words of the poet,

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari caput!

and feel that we have been guilty of ingratitude in not sufficiently appreciating his merit while among us, whom, when departed, we so bitterly lament, and whose greatness we so feelingly acknowledge.

Let us hope that these observations may never apply to the public estimation of the gallant Com. Stewart. Still persevering in his untiring career of public usefulness, he seems little likely ever to lose a place in the fond recollections of all who hold dear their country's glory.

In recalling the events of Commodore Stewart's active and glorious life, we know not whether most to admire his high naval skill and conduct, the humanity and generosity of his disposition, or the brilliant mental acquire-

ments for which he has always been distinguished. We find him at once a hero, a jurist, and a man of science.

His claim to the former title is established by every act of his most successful career as an officer, wherein he blended the most undaunted courage with all those finer and nobler traits which distinguished a Bayard or a Crichton. That he is most intimately acquainted with the statutes of his own country and the laws which govern the intercourse of nations, has been shown in many remarkable circumstances—in none more so than those wise counsels by which he averted the threatened war with Tunis in 1844; on which occasion Mr. Jefferson expressed the high satisfaction he felt "at having an officer in the squadron who comprehended the international law, the constitution of his country, and the policy of his government." The constant reference made to Commodore Stewart in all matters of science connected with naval affairs, and the success with which his suggestions have uniformly been crowned, are a sufficient proof of his high scientific acquirements.

Commodore Stewart is now fifty-nine years of age—in the meridian of his intellectual efficiency. His attention is at present directed to the navy yard at Philadelphia, where he is exerting all his energies to secure a dry dock; which is there greatly needed. Under whatever circumstances he is placed, and in whatever sphere he is situated, we find him turning all the energies of his active mind to the public service. Long may he live to be a pride and honor to his country—a source of the highest happiness to his friends.

The Maine Boundary.—Mr. Stevenson, American Minister at London, has written to Lord Palmerston calling immediate attention to the settlement of this protracted question; and suggests if the proposition of our Government of July, 1836, is not accepted, a new one be made by Great Britain.

NOTICE.

37 The Committee appointed at the last meeting of the Association, to make arrangements for the celebration of the 22d February, are requested to meet at the office of GEORGE SWEENEY, Esq., (Elliot's buildings,) on Wednesday next, at half past 11 o'clock, A.M.

Committee of Arrangements for 22d of February, appointed at the last meeting of the Native American Association:

HENRY J. BRENT,	S. P. FRANKLIN,
GEO. SWEENEY,	J. P. PEPPER,
GARRET ANDERSON,	JOHN PURDY,
HENRY ADDISON,	DR. EDWD. CLARKE,
O. M. LINTHICUM,	H. V. HILL,
JAS. GETHY,	JOHN DONN.

By order: THOS. D. JONES,
Recy Secy of the Native American Association.

NATIONAL THEATRE, WASHINGTON.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON.

Mr. G. JONES respectfully announces that his BENEFIT will take place this evening, Saturday, February 3d, 1838; when he will appear in the Characters of ST. PIERRE and HAMLET.

The Characters of MARIANNA and OPHELIA, by Mrs. G. JONES.

On SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 3, will be performed Knowles' Play of

THE WIFE.	
St. Pierre, - - -	Mr. G. Jones,
Leonardo, - - -	Mr. Lewellen,
Ferrardo, - - -	Mr. Mossop,
Antonio, - - -	Mr. Riddle,
Count Florido, - - -	Mr. Garner,
Lorenzo, - - -	Mr. H. Hall,
Hugo, - - -	Mr. Clemen,
Marianna, - - -	Mrs. G. Jones.

After which, the three last acts of Shakespeare's Tragedy of

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet, - - - - - Mr. G. Jones,
As performed by him at Drury Lane, London, New York, and Boston, with distinguished success.
King, - - - - - Mr. Garner,
Ophelia, - - - - - Mrs. G. Jones.

On Monday, by request, Knowles' Play of the

HUNCHBACK.

After which, the Tragedy (excepting the first act) of the

GAMESTER.

Being for the benefit of Mrs. G. JONES; and last night of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. G. Jones.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

FLODOARDO HOWARD'S Improved Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of Scrofula, or King's Evil, Chronic Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, White Swellings, Obsolete Eruptions of the Skin, Ulcerous Sores, Pains in the Bones, General Debility, and all Diseases requiring the aid of alterative Medicines.

The Extract is prepared from an improved formula, sanctioned by scientific Physicians and Pharmacologists, and is decidedly the most active, efficacious, and convenient preparation in use.

Mercury is only added when regularly prescribed. It should be used, where circumstances will admit, under the guidance and direction of a physician.

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